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BY E. P. WALTON & SONS.

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Poetry.

For the Watchman and Journal.

THE VOICE OF VERMONT.

BY MRS. ELIZA D. W. PARSONS.

"Roused, by the House and Senate of Representatives, that Vermont is not given her contemporary, old, or absent to the admission into the Federal Union of any new State whose Constitution does not place her on a level with the old States."

In a fair valley of the Mountain State,
Where, and green-clad hills, an emerald gate,
Wisely, bearing from his strait defiles,
Yields to its meadow-lands his sportive smiles,
A dome upriser, Wisdom calls her own;
In that green glen sweet Summer's smile had rung,
And Autumn's pipe a mournful chorus sung,
When from that pile came forth a thrilling tone.

Sisters! ye thirteen glorious stars,
That ruled in concert when the British Mars
Poured blood, and death, and woe, and tears,
And flaming ruin o'er your infant shores—
And ye, fair shining ones, of later birth,
Bound to our group by Friendship's sacred girth—
List to my voice: My sons that dwell
On mountain brow, in glacial dell,
Or on the golden sand or barrowed plain,
Or ply the plow and fence the rugged team,
O'er bowery vales that lace Connecticut's stream,
Or push the laden boat o'er blue Champlain,
Are free! free as the mighty breeze
That whisks with giant wings my tresses—
Free as the youths that love my rocky hills,
And glad my smothered glades with winding rills—
Free as the light that flows from yonder sun,
O'er the rich soil their valiant fathers won,
Their banner with its stripes of glory waves
O'er Freedom's banner—O'er Freedom's graves—
And shall they, for vile thirst or gain,
Make what each seeks to be—a slave!

O! bid on human limbs a chain
They would not wear, save in the grave?

Hearts, sisters, hear! ye sister sons,
Who bear the scourge within your zones,
And ye who joy in Freedom's atmosphere,
Like heaven's flush ether, spotless, clear—
Is there an act that does incline
Our consecrated land to join?

Her star, unbending spot,
Where Freedom's banner floats at noon?
Hath she a force upon her bright domain,
Where the gold-domed wealth servile chains,
Duch she a fortress hold, in glen or hill,
Where yon fierce corseer hounds will—
Where God's own image, an immortal soul,
Shrinks wither, 'neath a despot's brute control?—
Is it you Saturn, all bounding bright,
With seven-fold streams of lunar light,
Encircled with a glorious ring,
All lined with every precious thing
The senses ever know;
Or like an arctic paradise,
That deck the without scorching realize
It's dreaming fancy drew?
Or like the New Jerusalem,
Her walls of gold—ever gate a gem;
Could she o'er her forefathers
Full streams of milk and honey pour;
Or could she make us tell her heart's
With adorning brilliant choir,
Lustrous as when the Pulsating
Waves o'er its plains his foamy wing:
Hear, hear, hear all—will not clasp
Back sister with a friendly grasp,
With my assent she may not bring
Her leprous hand within our ring,
By that proud bird, whose pictured form
Flores on our flag in calm and strife,
By that red gore that drenched my virgin soil
When patriots fell in battle's fierce turmoil—
By Allen's memory, all the brave, whose name
With rays eternal glows my humble name—
My skirts I'll cheer—my hand I'll wash
From blood that flecks the slave-trade's lash;
My free consent I will not give
To let the monster Slavery live—
I will not help to give him strength
To stretch his limbs to endless length,
Join! sisters, all—join in my cry—
FREEDOM FOREVER! SLAVERY, DIE!

Lambert.

"Slavery was not voluntarily instituted by the colonies, but imposed upon them by the country, and that it may be considered in the light of an entailed calamity, rather than the result of promissory culpability."

Free the free of Vermont.

For the Watchman and Journal.

A SONG.

BY MRS. ELIZA D. W. PARSONS.

O! say, will you love me when mountains shall rise,
And new shall tell us their measureless woes—
Though fate has decreed us forever to part,
And the night-dew to fall on our separate graves?
O! say, will you love me when the world is old,
And the stars are dim, and the sun is old,
When all else of earth is but fading away,
Till the hand I now clasp and the lip I now press
Must yield to the triumph of mighty Decay?

Just so will I love thee—though this in the last
Nine eyes on thy beautiful image may dwell,
Though I breathe not thy name, and I may not reveal
The thoughts that my first burning heart will swell;
Yet, yes, will I love thee—thou years may roll on,
And green in my breast shall thy memory grow,
Till the heart that has nursed it in secret, forlorn,
My slumber in the tomb all its love and its own.

Lambert.

Miscellaneous.

From the Young American's Magazine.

THE LITERATURE OF HUMBUG.

AN ETHICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

WHAT is Humbug? It is the child of theft and deception, embodying the nature of both its parents, but so combined as to possess the advantages without running the risks of robbery. It indicates a transference of money from the pocket of the Gull to the pocket of the Rogue, not by presenting a pistol to the head or placing a knife under the ribs, but by putting a pill into the mouth or a foolery into the brain. It is thus a safe sort of thievery, very much in vogue, as it suggests to the enterprising no ugly pictures of aspiring Chicane pounding in a prison or gyrating from a gallows. Dishonesty has found, after a fair trial, that something granite is a laborious kind of muscular exertion, and that hanging is somewhat injurious to the health, and it has accordingly hit upon a mode by which pockets can be legally picked and brains blown out. The picturesque highway, with its romantic accompaniments of traveller and purse, of burglar and blunderbuss, have been declared behind the age, and unworthy the advancing intelligence of the racial race. It has accordingly been abandoned for the public street and the thronging haunts of men, where mind can be fairly picked against mind, and where roguery can win by

slight of intellect what it formerly achieved by sleight of hand. In our age of universal intelligence and universal education, when war and industry are rapidly passing from the sphere of the sinews to that of the soul, from the bones to the brain, it would be strange indeed if the knaves did not feel and follow the general impulse. Pickpockets, highwaymen, burglars, pirates, the time-honored professors of stealing and stabbing, are of the past, and like other forms of antiquity, may be profitably idealized and represented in novels; but, in themselves, they do not meet the great wants of the age. It is a philanthropic age, in which more is thought of human life than of human nature; and thieves therefore must contrive to make medicine do the work of murder, and pill the fool they formerly pistolled. By this method, also, they may not only obtain the money he has about his person, but likewise what he has in the bank. It is an intellectual age, and why capture a ship on the high seas when you can do it more comfortably on 'change?—why drain blood from a man by a dagger when it can be done more securely by a discount?—why knock out his brains with a cudgel when you can bamboozle them in a bargain, or addle them with a fanaticism? It is an age of peace, and words must therefore perform the office of bullets, and blarney do the work of bludgeons. And above all, it is an age of activity and enterprise, an age of new discoveries and new deceptions, an age of magnetic telegraphs and Mississippi bonds, and it would be indeed odd if, in the swift race of progress, the rogue did not keep his natural station in the van of the movement.

Humbug, therefore, expresses the method by which avarice, deceit, theft, piracy, all grades of sin and folly, may gain their objects of plunder in a legal and peaceful way. And as its essence is pretence, as it drives its trade under a cloak of seeming benevolence, patriotism or philanthropy, it gets gratitude as well as gold from the intelligent public it bamboozles. Its relation to mankind is like the relation of Iago to Othello.—The former was not content with ruining the Moor; but his villany would have wanted its finest zest, if it had not been honored with the thanks of its victim for making him "egregiously an ass."

The genius of Humbug has many modes of compassing its designs, and it would be impossible to limit its energies within any one sphere of operation. But its most influential assault on the human head and pocket, is by a species of written composition which we take the liberty of calling its literature. This literature of Humbug, in some cases compounded of brass and brains, in others wholly brazen and brainless, runs through various degrees of talent and turpitude, and runs into many departments of thought and action. But whether it invades medicine, metaphysics, politics, theology, reform, trade or philanthropy, its one object is to bring all men under the despotism of King Quack; and its one mode of procedure is to tickle the conceit or flatter the ignorance of mankind, by the declaration, inscribed in shining characters on its brazen brow—

EVERY MAN HIS OWN EVERYTHING. This magnificent purity, this ingenious nonsense, is the most admirable device ever invented by craft to lure men from the old tracks of wisdom into the slavery of error and folly. Every man his own physician, his own statesman, his own priest, his own lawyer, is but another form of expression for—Every man under the dominion of the quack, every man his own fool, every man his own ruin. And this messenger of Humbug, proclaiming universal liberty, and breaking all the bonds which bind the weak to the strong, will be found at last to be of that democracy of race which whose way is the most galling and remediless of tyrannies.

First, let us refer to the literature of quack medicine, the most remarkable literature ever spun from the brain of impudence. The country is flooded with quack doctors, "Rained down from heaven in a shower of pills," whose cunning of mind and fingers is incessantly occupied in preparing doses of death or delusion for the most enlightened nation on the face of the earth. They are unmatched for skill, with which they develop and stimulate the credulity of the public through the press. Their great engine is the newspaper advertisement. It is needless to describe the character of this, and the peculiar extravagance of falsehood it embodies. It is commonly a tissue of lies, more or less ingeniously woven, which could only provoke a roar of laughter from a man in health; but it is so managed as to strike directly at the volitions of the sick. Its palpable absurdity only indicates the depth of its practical cunning. The quack's advertisement, indeed, is one of the most sagaciously ridiculous products of the literature of Humbug. The test of its excellence is in its influence. It induces the sick to purchase the small compact death-dealing pills it celebrates, and no one in the custom of visiting graveyards can fail to acknowledge its perilous efficacy.

The humbug of medicine is of two kinds—the vulgar and the genteel. The former is most universal; but the latter is growing fast. The literature of genteel quackery is of course more Addisonian in its diction, and more blandly insinuating in its style of thought, than its "rough and ready" companion; but its

object and "grand idea" are the same. It operates on clergymen, lawyers, the literary and educated classes, who, as they are learned in their own professions, and as they are known under the general name of intelligent men, are apt absurdly to be set up as judges of medicine. The opinion of a clergyman or lawyer, on the treatment of a disease of which he knows nothing, is commonly considered more valuable than that of a physician who has made it a special study. The folly of this would be instantly seen if a physician should dogmatize on theology and law. Because a man's opinion is good in some special department of science he has made his own, people are prone to imagine that he has authority on subjects of which he is as ignorant as other men. From not considering this plan of distinction, a large number of the "upper ten thousand" and middle ten hundred thousand, are daily delivered over to quacks as avaricious, ignorant and impudent, as ever paraded universal panaceas in newspapers or bullied the unintelligent into pill-taking. The cemeteries, doubtless, have a story to tell of genteel as well as vulgar quackery. Many persons have found a watery grave without risking a voyage on the ocean, and doses have been found none the less efficient from being as infinitesimal as the honesty of the dosers.

As a benevolent concern for the bodily health is the motive of the medicine quack—as it would be ungracious to suppose he was actuated by any impulse having its spring in the pocket—so we must suppose that philanthropy is the great source of the lies and blunders of the reforming quack. Reform is a noble thing in itself, and reformers are among the noblest specimens of the species; but as all good things have a shell as well as kernel, an appearance as well as a substance, and as everybody can distinguish appearances while few can detect substances, every good thing is liable to gross perversions. Quack philanthropy is the product of perverted reform, and its operations in the present age are among the most astounding marvels of humbug ever witnessed. Under the cover of a love for mankind, a love which, when genuine, is accompanied by a charity for all men, it enables its disciples to glut their appetite for defamation and detraction; to dignify their vituperation with the name of moral courage; to set up their little clique of wordy fanatics as the Sir Oracles of wisdom; and to prank out their ignorance, conceit, rancor, and unreason in the guise of universal philanthropy and pure religion. The written and spoken positions, in which they embody their frenzied fooleries, are whisked and hawked about all over the land to direct the moral and intellectual judgments of the people. Their great cry (and it may be added, their little wail) is "oppressed humanity!" and certainly we should be inclined to echo it, if we supposed that any large portion of "humanity" read the windy diatribes, in which such aspiring mediocrity asserted its phenomenal existence. Of the best of this class of pseudo reformers, charity can only say, in the words of Bacon, that they have "small matter and infinite agitation of wit." Most of them are mere repeaters of tortured commonplaces and stale futilities, about liberty, slavery, free air, chains, whips, lashes, and the like, which they have caught from some extensible gentleman laboring under an opulence of clanking words and a poverty of striking thought. And yet this galvanized imbecility goes under the name of fine writing, and is deemed by some wiseacres to be unmatched for vigor and eloquence.

Such furiously verbal love of mankind is bad enough when it is the natural expression of the boiling conceit of the writer. But bad as it is, "worse remains behind." This humbug philanthropy has become a trade as much as making nostrums; and its disinterested benevolence, in all the glories of its strained expression and strangled thought, is manufactured to order. After a man has failed in everything else, he is apt to turn reformer, and convert the wealth of his vocabulary into the more substantial coin of the pocket. He becomes accordingly a dealer in slander and vituperation, makes merchandise of railing, and regales himself on the profits of his rancor. As every man who is not a natural fool, who has sufficient intelligence to be a rogue, can command the cunning and shamelessness necessary to make him a trading hack of reform; the business, in these hard times, does not lack activity.

We do not suppose these observations can be misunderstood, except by those whose misconstruction is a compliment to a writer's clearness, but we may as well add that our remarks are not directed at the true but at the mock reformer. For the man of noble aims and generous passions, we can have sufficient respect, even when his zeal hurries him beyond his judgment; but for his counterfeit, who apes his contortions and repeats his phrases, merely to make a ravenous vanity do the work of a strong mind, or for the knave who follows in his track merely for hire and salary, we have just as much regard as charity will vouchsafe to give to a literature of humbug.

This debauchery of intellect as displayed in a carousing in words, is especially seen in political compositions. The subject is a tender one, but no essay on the literature of humbug would be complete which omitted to notice the literature of politics. Here we have a field as wide as free government. The object of quack politicians is to gain under the forms of liberal institutions the same objects which courtiers intrigue for in a despotism. Servility, trickery, fraud, falsehood, nonsense, they accordingly set to the tune of the Declaration of Independence; and try hard to make it appear that the primal object of a free government is to reduce its citizens to a vassalage to King Quack. Each has some universal panacea for the cure of every malady of the state, and for the filling up of every vacuum in his own purse; and to compass both objects, all of them address flatteries to the people which would disgust the Grand Lama or Russia's autocrat, and which an experienced courtier of a despot would have too much sagacity to employ. The written and spoken compositions which contain the principles, both obvious and latent, of the quack politicians, are too familiar to need quotation or analysis. They ever suggest the image of a slippery knave, pouring praise into the public ear while he is quietly engaged in picking the public pockets.

There is another department of political literature which almost equally deserves the honor of being stamped with the broad seal of humbug. This is political abuse, which consists in using fierce language having no applicability to its objects, and springing from no enthusiasm or passion in the writer. It is denunciation on mechanical principles, and has no more heart in it than if it proceeded from Babbage's calculating machine. Men of straw, named after some prominent statesmen, are set up, and pommelled with the pet epithets of party; and no pretension is made to nicety of touch or felicity of application. All individual traits are lost sight of in a mass of wilderling vituperation. Hyperbole is placed upon the rack, to wring strong epithets from its agonies and contortions, and these are used by men who are in the blandest temper in the world, and who affix no meaning at all to the sounding epithets they send rattling over the page. Such writing requires no talent, and indicates poverty rather than opulence of language; but it still is taken as evidence of a great genius for politics, and is read with profound attention by all whose feeble bigotry it gratifies and stimulates.

The most influential deception in politics is practised by party catch words and cant phrases. A few captivating rallying cries will often carry the day against reason and truth. They are addressed to the ear rather than to the mind, and though instantly resolved by analysis into follies—though they are bubbles which break into suds at the slightest touch of argument—they are still wonderfully effective. They commonly neither express the objects nor opinions, good or bad, of the parties who use them, and depend altogether for their existence on an immunity from examination; and yet they constantly pass from mouth to mouth as embossments of principles. It would be impossible to calculate the amount of popular delusion they represent. It might not be safe to refer to those which obtain in this country.—From England, however, we may call a few instances. Sir William Grant, in opposing an innovation, used the words, "the wisdom of our ancestors." From his time the phrase has been the pet expression of the Tory party, and has always been employed as a scarecrow to reformers, whenever they attempted to overthrow some pestilent abuse which sprung from the folly, bigotry, or wickedness of their ancestors. In hardly a single instance has it been properly applied. It ever means not the wisdom but the injustice "of our ancestors."—Again, the cry of "Church and King" represents neither religion nor loyalty; but, as generally employed, signifies, as Dr. Parr has ingeniously said, "a church without the gospel and a king above the law." The most bigoted opponents of Catholic emancipation rejoiced to call themselves Pittites, though Pitt left of office because he could not carry emancipation. It would be needless to multiply instances, familiar to every student of the history of parties, of the strange opposition between the terms of politics and the conduct of politicians. In selecting a party cry, the universal custom is to invent one which shall operate on popular prejudices or desires, not one which shall express the principles and intentions of the party leaders. The consequence is, that the rank and file of a party are always more disappointed when they triumph than when they fail. To obtain their votes, pledges have been given which cannot be redeemed. When people wish foolishly, politicians have no resource but to promise recklessly.—These promises, whether directly expressed or only implied, constitute a rich department of the literature of deception.

It would be well if quacks limited their efforts to the perversion of medicine, reform and civil government. Such a comparative abstinence in wickedness, however, would be foreign to the wide-ranging genius of dishonesty. It accordingly flaunts as bravely in philosophy, morals and religion, as in any other department of its activity. In metaphysics it gains a reputation for profundity by enigmizing a minute thread of meaning in a mesh of technical terms. Many who have ventured to follow the trail of popular metaphysical thought, in order to hunt down the atom of sense it is said to contain, have always found that

the sense contrived to dodge their analysis, even when they seemed to have cunningly driven it into its last corner. This order of metaphysics belongs to the genteel quackery of the intellect, and is only patronized by people of "refined" minds. The literature of moral humbug chiefly consists of books evincing a singular ignorance of everything but a few ethical commonplaces, which, expressed in a corresponding imbecility of style, and steeped thoroughly in a "do-me good" sort of atmosphere, are considered admirably qualified to direct the moral education of the young.—These little volumes, manufactured to order, and commonly the product of mingled hypocrisy and feebleness, are exceedingly useful in converting Yankees into Pharisees. As for clothing the soul in any armor which shall withstand the arrows of sin and the shocks of temptation—that is an object which they only pretend to have in view.

The literature of theological humbug is partly the production of fanaticism and partly that of rationalism. Both kinds are mischievous, though perhaps the former is the most deadly as the latter is the most debilitating. Both are quack medicines for the soul; but in the one case we have the delusion in large bottles, in the other we have it in infinitesimal doses. It ought however to be considered that rationalism is commonly the product of fanaticism, on the principle that extremes generate their opposites. Bigotry has the deepest seat in the passions, and is more widely influential. Its compositions are fair transcripts of the minds of those men, "who think with their spleen, write with their gall and pray with their bile;" of men who, in the language of Bacon, "bring down the Holy Ghost in the shape of a vulture or a raven instead of in the likeness of a dove, and hang from the bark of the Christian church the flag of a bark of pirates and assassins." The literature which proceeds from men of this stamp, may be fairly classed with the compositions of humbug.

In glancing over what we have written, we find we have been making what our readers might call an immoderate plea for moderation, an immoderate assault on intemperance. We also find we have said nothing which arises much above the dignity of commonplaces.—Why is it that what is so obviously true is so obviously overlooked? How is it that when salvation lies in palpable axioms, perdition should be sought in palpable falsehoods? Why is it that the quack is taken for a seer, when his ignorance and knavery are so easily seen? Why is it that the literature of Reason is avoided and the literature of Humbug devoured? Why should men be ascetics in common sense, and only gluttons and wine bibbers in folly? The answers to these questions should be left to those competent from experience to answer knowingly; but it is to be feared that the testimony of the bitten would be of a kind not to prejudice the Biter, and that from the quack-ridden we should have pulled rather than prescriptions of the quack-ridden; for it is an old and melancholy teaching of sardonic wisdom, that

"the pleasure is as great Of being cheated as of cheating."

Humorous.

[From the Spirit of the Times.]

A Yankee in a Shower Bath.

Kind reader, did you ever take a shower bath? I mean a right cold one, and in cool weather? If you have, you will know how to appreciate the feelings of my friend, Tom C., upon the momentous occasion of his first shower bath, in the city of Boston, and month of March, 184—.

Tom C. hails from a long way "down east," or, as he used himself to say, he "was brought up as near to sunrise as he could get without burning, and where the woods were so thick the moon couldn't rise without help." He stands six feet two natural, and six feet six inches when he stretches. His breadth is not quite in proportion, although his bones were gotten up for a giant. Had they been fairly covered with flesh, he would have been invaluable to 'Barnum.' The truth is, Tom was very lean indeed, and this leanness annoyed him exceedingly. His clothes would be open at the elbows and knees in half the time of those of his fatter fellows, and Tom vowed to get fat, if only for the sake of economy.

Some kind friend recommended the Gymnasium as likely to be beneficial, and Tom forthwith enrolled himself at Sheridan's. It was there I first met him, and a right good fellow, with plenty of fun and wit in him, he proved to be, in spite of his unpromising exterior. Among the gymnasts, Dr. — was conspicuous, not only for his skill in all athletic feats, but also for his beautiful, compact form, and superabundant muscle. When he "peeled," his arms and chest looked smooth as a woman's, and yet as muscular as those of a "pocket Hercules."

How our friend Tom envied the Doctor! Many questions did he put to him about regimen, exercise, &c., and his effects in producing flesh upon the human frame. The Doctor attributed this redundancy to plenty of exercise, plenty to eat, and above all, to the daily use of the shower bath.

"Waal," said Tom, one day, with his inimitable drawl, "I'm sure, I've shinned long and down these ladders and ropes up and enuff; as for eating, taint to be expected that one man can eat enuff to fatten such an affired skeleton as mine. I wish I may be darned if I don't try that shower bath you tell me so much about."

As Tom and I were as thick as two such thin men could be, I volunteered to show him where he could get one in short order. We accordingly started for the United States Hotel, then called Texas. In the basement story of this house were a large number of bathing rooms, fitted up with hot, cold, and shower baths. The latter were temporary wooden boxes standing on end, with doors bolting on the inside, and a very capacious showering apparatus in the top.

I went in to take a warm bath, while Tom made ready for his cold one in the next room. As the partitions were very thin, I overheard him soliloquizing after this fashion:

"Waal, now, that upright coffin with holes in the bottom, and a sieve in the top, may pass for a shower bath here, but I guess if we had it down east, 'twouldn't be long before we had it set for eels! blast the thing! Wonder how it works. Here, you Susan, Sally, what's your name?" calling to the servant girl, "just come here, and show me how the critter works." "I don't see no shower." "Oh, my!" cried the girl; "don't you know how? Why, 'tis easy enough! You pull this 'ere string, and I guess you'll see a shower, and feel it too."

Tom, who stood outside, caught hold of the string, and before the girl could interfere, gave it a tremendous pull, when down came a deluge of water, spattering them, and swimming the carpet.

"There, now you see!" said the girl, indignantly.

"Yes, I see now," replied Tom very coolly.

All this amused me considerably, but I had a presentiment that the fun was not finished.

Tom adjourned to the room on the other side of mine, and the girl to wiping up the carpet. Before Tom had gotten ready to enter his bath, I was out of mine, and nearly dressed. All had been still in his room for several minutes, except an occasional muttering of disconnected sentences, such as—

"Wonder what there is about this to fatten a man. Never heard Noah was very fat, and he took one for forty days. Mighty small place to stuff my carcass into. Guess there isn't much danger of the water's coming up high enuff to drown me. Wonder if 'twill fall any thing as that blasted shower did down to Bath, last summer." &c.

I heard him, after stepping into his closet, shut the door, which he carefully bolted; and the next minute there came a crashing slam-bang on the floor, that made the house shake, followed by the most terrific screams and shouts of "Oh! Oh! Oh! Lord! Oh! Oh! Thunder and lightning! Murder! Fire! Water! Let me out! I'm drowning! For God's sake, help!" and ending by calling on me most vociferously.

In an instant, not only I but every servant and all others within hearing, male and female, were in the room. Although he had not ceased shouting, nothing was to be seen of Tom, but in the centre of the floor lay the shower-bath, door downwards, and the whole affair absolutely jumping from Tom's superhuman efforts to relieve himself. We rolled it over, the door flew open, and out tumbled the most astonishing mass of arms, legs, and body, ever presented to the astonished gaze of human eyes.

One moment was given to astonishment, the women scampered, and their mortal risibles could stand it no longer.

We rolled on the floor in little short of convulsions. Tom raised himself up, too happy in his fancied escape to be very angry at us, but still evidently trying to assume some dignity. Dignity from such a figure, in such a plight!! We roared louder than ever, and Tom, finding it was of no use, joined in the chorus, until we were compelled to stop from sheer exhaustion.

He then—having hustled on a part of his garments—answered our repeated inquiries of "How it happened?"

"Why, you see, when I got in that infernal man-trap there, I bolted the door, and then it took me some time to screw up my courage. I knew it was all-fired cold, and so I thought I would bring down the shower a little at a time. Waal, you see, I pulled the string—conspired it—kinder softly, about an inch at once. I had my shoulders drawn up, my head down, my eyes and teeth shut, and gave it another little pull, when ker-chouse! came a hull ocean of ice-water, right slap on my head, taking away my breath, and fairly quacking me. I made one jump for the door, but the plaguy thing was bolted, and over went the hull machine kerslap on the floor! Then I got frightened and thought I was drowning sure enuff. May be I didn't sing to dry. After it is thoroughly dried, rinse it in hot suds and cleanse it well. You will then have a clear, bright, permanent, cinnamon color to your yarn.—Ibid.

A French Discovery.

Fires in chimneys in France have recently been prevented by placing three frames of wire-work one foot above each other, near the base of the chimney; no flame will pass them.

More Truth than Poetry.

An old picture represents a king sitting in state with a label—"I govern all;" a bishop with a legend, "I pray for all;" a soldier with the motto, "I fight for all;" and a farmer drawing forth reluctantly a purse with the inscription, "I pay for all."

Height of Selfishness.

President Polk, meeting with a volunteer who had lost a limb at Churubusco, congratulated him very eloquently upon the glory he had acquired. "Glory be hanged!" said the patriot, "I only wish I had my arm!"

A bachelor in Detroit having advertised for a wife to share his lot, an "anxious inquirer" has solicited information as to the size of said lot.

Mechanics.

OIL OF BIRCH.

We do not mean that peculiar oil of birch which pedagogues sometimes find it necessary to apply to the backs of unruly urchins, in order to render them supple and obedient to the "powers that be;" but we mean the genuine oil of birch, obtained chemically from the bark by a distillation of it. Birches of different kinds are very abundant in Maine. Why may not the oil be used as the Russians use it, in the tanning of leather? and why may it not be obtained in quantities sufficient to make it quite an article of export from the state to those places where a demand for it may exist?

In Russia, as we have before said, it is used for the purpose of tanning leather, especially smaller hides as well as sheep skins, goat skins, calf skins and the like. The peculiar aromatic smell which this oil imparts to the leather, is very pleasant, and has the effect to keep out moths and other destructive insects that oftentimes prey upon the paper and books in large libraries. It is well known that the pyroigneous acid, formed by the distillation of wood, is often used in tanning, its astringent and antiseptic properties making it a good article for that purpose.

The Russians have a very clumsy mode of obtaining this oil—which is thus described by an author writing upon the subject:

They fill large pots with the thin, whitish paper-like external bark of the birch tree, carefully separated from the coarse bark, closing the mouth of the pot with a wooden bung, pierced with several holes; and then turning it over and luting it with clay to the mouth of another of the same size. A hole being dug in the ground the empty pot is buried in it, and a fire is lighted round and over the pot containing the bark, which is continued for some hours, according to the size of the pot. When the apparatus is cooled and unluted, the lower pot contains the brown oil, mixed with pyroigneous tar and swimming on an acid liquor. In some places iron pots are used for this purpose, and the bark is hindered from falling into the lower pot by a plate of iron, pierced with holes. One hundred pounds of bark yield about sixty pounds of oil.

The same writer states that the oil is used in Russia for currying leather, to which it gives a peculiar odor, and a power of resisting moisture far beyond any other dressing.

It seems to us to have arisen from observing that the thin, paper-like leaves of birch bark remained after the coarse part of the bark and the timber of fallen trees had rotted.

We are inclined to think that the whole of the bark—that is, the inner as well as the outer—might be used for this purpose, as well as the outside only.

The best mode of obtaining it is to have a regularly built iron still made large enough to have a hundred pounds or more put in. This being connected with a condensing worm, would pass off the oil in a much more neat and effectual way than is that used by the Russians.—*Mr. Farmer.*

How to color Yarn, a beautiful, permanent Cinnamon.

Our better half says we must tell the readers of the Farmer the following mode of coloring yarn a beautiful Cinnamon, that will not fade. For thirty-six single skeins of woollen yarn, weighing say nine pounds, take half a bushel of the inner bark of the common black alder, and half a bushel of hemlock bark, such as is ground up for tanning; put these into an iron kettle containing four pails of water, and steep for twenty-four hours. The bark could be handled better if put in bags before steeping. Take out the bags when steeped the above time; then put into the liquor one quart of good soft soap, and stir it well. The yarn is now to be put into the dye and kept there one day, keeping the liquor scalding, but not boiling hot. Then wringing it out, and immediately after wringing dip it into a pail of weak lye—wring it out again and hang it up to dry. After it is thoroughly dried, rinse it in hot suds and cleanse it well. You will then have a clear, bright, permanent, cinnamon color to your yarn.—*Ibid.*

A French Discovery.

Fires in chimneys in France have recently been prevented by placing three frames of wire-work one foot above each other, near the base of the chimney; no flame will pass them.